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Contributors and Correspondents

Translation of a letter from a member of the Church in Ghoghli to the Missionaries in Harpoot, whose two daughters had been educated in the Female Seminary.

HONORED SIR,—It is well known that even amongst animals favours are returned for favours shown, or if they cannot do this they at least show gratitude. How much more should it be the case with men who differ so widely from the beasts! Many persons show favours to others, but for some special reason,—one because he is an acquaintance—another because he is importuned, and another because the sight of suffering compels him. But that which happened to us was different from all these. We were unknown to our benefactors, and we had not importuned them. They were at the other end of the earth; that is, they were at the west, we at the east,—also of another language and nation. We were lying quietly at home asleep, so that instead of our going to them, our benefactors came to us; instead of our entreating them, they entreated us; instead of our seeing our own wretchedness, they revealed it to us; instead of our seeking a remedy for ourselves, they begged to give it to us. I know well that to do this, you endured every sorrow.

I well remember being in Constantinople in 1841. I went to the chapel in Pera, but without other object than to ridicule the services. When Dr. Goodell began to preach, and I to hear, I saw my wickedness. I was then regarded as a very righteous man, but the sermon showed me I was a devil. I began to reflect and saw that the work of the American Board was not of man's devising. The heart of man is not able to originate such things. As I contrasted their goodness with our wickedness, it seemed to me incredible, but I concluded that they had learned this from their Master. As He did while in the world, so He taught His disciples to do. I ought to be very grateful to my benefactors for bringing to us the gospel and teaching it to us. They showed us the nut and its flavour, but it was still in the shell. Who, in those early days, was allowed to carry a copy of the Testament or to read it? How could two people meet to talk of these things? Who dared to mention the Gospel? There was nothing but beatings and imprisonments, ourings and revilings, and the deprivation of worldly goods in the villages, in the cities, and at home, and especially when the ecclesiastics came together. I well remember how once the ecclesiastics and chief men and common people gathered in a body, and after consultation, they beat me and burned my Testament and Catechism in the midst of a great crowd. They said, "Whatever crimes you may commit we will forgive you, but we will not forgive you for taking a Testament, and you will be punished, even unto death, if necessary. And the chief man among them, a man of power and wealth, vowed that he would pour burning lead into my eyes."

Now let us turn from these numberless hindrances and persecutions. Even in our fleeting life which is like a shadow, we have come to see a three story building erected, containing our chapel and parsonage, and on it a bar of iron, (in place of a bell), which is openly struck to call the people to hear the gospel. This not being enough, they have brought from America an organ (it was paid for by the people themselves), that it may be played while we sing. (His daughter plays it.) These seeming impossibilities are not the work of a nation or a king. They are the work of the finger of God, like the heavens and the stars, and the earth, and their fulness. Now let us come to the purpose of our writing. First of all, how grateful should we be to God, that for the love of Christ, from the ends of the earth, He persuaded men, and sent them to us with their books, their bread, and their clothing, causing them to leave their native land, their refined country sent them to be persecuted and reviled and to die in a strange country among such a wretched people. How grateful should I be, especially to God, to Christ, and to the Holy Spirit, and to the American Board, and what heartfelt gratitude should I cherish to the Missionaries, especially to those at Harpoot,—Mr. Allen, Mr. Barnum, Mr. Whaller and their wives and to Miss Seymour and to Miss Bush, that without my entreaty they took my child Marion on with their own bread at their own expense, educated her and sent her back again to her native place to labour. (She is the wife of the pastor of the Church in Ghoghli.) Afterwards they took my other child Naylo, educated her to play our organ, and sent her back to us. Now, what return can I make for these benefits? They are not like those of a father or a mother, that in return for them I might perform the duties of a child. They are not like those of a master, that I might render service in return. Sirs, the favours done by your Board are not such as we can repay. We are grateful from our hearts, and from our hearts we bless it. We pray, we entreat God that He may reward you at His coming. May He strengthen you and the Board more and more. May He sweeten this work to you. With my mouth I am able to say this much. Gratefully we bless you and yours, and the Board, and may God the Lord strengthen all the benevolent, because many yet sit in darkness. Our Saviour has well said, "Go ye

into all the world and preach the gospel to every living creature.

To you Missionaries and to your wives and to the lady teachers I make known my thankfulness and my heartfelt gratitude, saying,—the Lord reward you.—SARKIS NANI JANIAN, of Ghoghli.

The two following letters were kindly contributed by Mrs. P. D. Browne, of Montreal, for reading at the third meeting of the Kingston Woman's Foreign Missionary Association. The first is from Mrs. Stothard, Bombay:

"The first little matter I want to tell you about is the baptism of a Hindoo lady, who has been enabled to come out. In order that you may understand all about her, I must take you back to 1860. During that year, a little Hindoo girl was sent to me as a day-scholar. Being very clever little Mentoolai made rapid progress. Her father, who is a peculiar man, was at that time much interested in the Christian religion. At the end of six months, little Mentoolai was withdrawn, but my pupil teacher was asked to come and teach her at her home. This was done, and just then her father asked one of our missionaries to read a Christian lady to teach his wife concerning Christianity; which was also done. Several Missionary ladies visited her. Mentoolai had received from another Missionary, while at school, three small books. These her mother read, and they and by her husband lost all interest in the produced a great effect on her mind. By Christian religion, and when he found out the state of his wife's mind, became very angry. Several times he beat her so badly that she had to take refuge in her mother's house. Two years or more passed, and her mother died, and Vitabai had no other relation left to help her in trouble. But her Christian friends comforted her, and the true God whom she now worshipped sustained her. About two months ago, Vitabai and her little daughter were severely beaten by her husband, and she was told to leave the house, which she did, taking all her children (one girl and two boys) with her. She went to the house of our native minister, who took her in, and wrote at once to her husband telling him where she was. The next day her husband sent friends to ask her to return. This she declined to do, and at the same time said, "I wish now to unite with the Christians, and at the same time to be baptized." Of course, this enraged him, and he summoned her to appear at the High Court. The end was that the children were taken from her. We thought this would be too much for her, but Jesus sustained her through this terrible trial. The next Sabbath, she was baptised by Dr. Wilson. The whole Hindoo community has been stirred up; my school was forsaken—the scholars sent word that they feared to come, because I might make them Christians. I told them only God could change their hearts. It was an impressive scene, when Vitabai stood up in the little church and declared her belief in the true God, and in Jesus Christ, with much firmness, and yet with great modesty. The more one sees of what God can enable people to do, the more one feels encouraged. But oh! it is a terrible trial for a high-caste man or woman to become a Christian. We ask you to join in praying for Vitabai's husband, that he may be brought to Christ, also for her, that she may be sustained through her trials, and for the dear children, that they may be led to seek their mother's God. I am glad to tell you that my school girls returned in about a week, and I am more than ever anxious that God would bless our labours for their conversion. We are having a new school-house erected in honour of Mrs. Wilson, and Dr. Wilson has asked me to take my girls there, and have the management of the whole school. This, I think, I shall be able to do, as it is very near us. You ask about the boarding-school. Miss Brown is still there, though she speaks sometimes of going to another station, and we should prefer a missionary and his wife being there. Nearly all my girls have left, but several little ones have been admitted—the number is now thirty-eight (rather a difference from sixty). All are well, with the exception of one little lamb of mine, who is dying in the Poona hospital. She is very happy and bright, for she loves Jesus and is going to Him."

[The writer, with her husband, belongs to the Scottish Mission at Bombay. Narayan Sheshadri came to America in company with them. The above letter will show that the days of persecution for Christ's sake have by no means ceased.]

The other letter is written to Mrs. Childs, Boston, by Mrs. Burnett, from Melier, India.

"Your letter, so full of interest, reached me in due time. You wish that I should write something to increase interest. How I wish I could! There is room and material enough, if I only had the power, and for that I look in deep humility to Him who is able to bestow it. May He guide my pen in a way to bring His own name and His own cause. What a privilege it is to be a co-worker with Christ (be it in ever so humble a way) to bring back the lost world to Himself. I was asked in America, what impressed me most on reaching there, after more than twenty years' residence in a heathen land. It did not need much thought to answer, and I said, the religious or Christian atmosphere apparent everywhere. I knew, of course, that there was a great deal of sin, but had not come in contact with it, and so, everywhere it seemed that light, and knowledge, and Christianity had penetrated the whole community. Just fancy yourself settled in a comfortable house in the midst of heathenism. No Sabbath, no good school, no paper, no lectures,—the highest kind of civilization for miles and miles

around being bounded by the four sides of the building which you occupy; heathenism, idolatry, superstition, ignorance everywhere present and so deep-seated, woven and instilled into every fibre of the soul. I cannot make you understand the full meaning of this,—and, beside, there is another terrible hindrance to the spread of Christianity,—caste,—very hard to conquer, and even when "broken" it clings to the individual and shows itself in various ways. Christ washed His disciples' feet, leaving an example, saying,—"Do as I have done to you." Now a high-caste person would rather die than take food from the hands of one of the low-caste. Just a few days ago, a man of high-caste (next to the Brahmins) was here. I said to him,—"How very troublesome and inconvenient this caste must be. If you are sick and need help, you would sooner die than call on your neighbour of low caste." "Yes," he said, "I was away and my wife was brought into straits, and grew thin and weak and pale from want of food, which she would not take from men even though of good caste, because lower than her—she was starving, but I told her that under such circumstances she might eat." As she was less informed than he, she could not bear the taunts she would meet from the women of her class. The men are more abroad in the world, and meet with Europeans and educated natives, and many can talk English, as this man did, so that some of their points are sounded, and they see in a degree the folly and absurdity of the thing, but still cling to the old customs, because they are still the rule. Now, on whom do all these sad and absurd customs fall the most heavily? It is most assuredly on woman, the women of the land, our sisters! Never, I think, shall I forget a remark made to my husband many years ago, when we were riding together, and passed a poor woman sitting in the dirt by the roadside,—her hair stiff and tangled, her clothing only a strip of cloth, scant, narrow, and filthy, and looking to us the personification of discomfort and degradation; yet apparently satisfied in herself. You, there, can never fully understand what the gospel does for woman. Here they are degraded, kept in the background, made to do the hardest work, and made to feel that they are no more able to learn than a donkey;—this they have told me repeatedly. But, thanks to God, the gospel light is breaking. It seems to us very slowly, but God moves and works in His own way.

Girls are being educated; and some are grown up, and have become wives and mothers, and adorn their positions. We, the missionary ladies, have our schools, and are doing what we can to interest and educate the girls, and elevate women. Could you have been present, as we were, a few days ago, at the examination of the girls' boarding-school in Madura, eighteen miles from us, you would have been cheered, and thought, surely, the work of Missions is not in vain. Eight of them graduated; one read a valedictory composition, in which she addressed her school mates, her own class in particular, the missionaries, and Mrs. Chandler especially, who has for five or six years been as a mother to them. This was Lydia, of the low Pariah class.

Another of the graduates, a high-caste girl, read a response. They were both interesting, and brought tears to my eyes. Now let us imagine ourselves assembled before the great white throne, and Christ our Saviour sitting as Judge. To how many of us will those loving words, "Inasmuch as ye did it to me, ye did it to me," come with a thrill of joy? As we cast our eyes over that vast multitude on the left from the heathen world, how will the question come up,—"what did I do to save one?" "What did I do that I might have done?" Earth, with all its show and fashion, now so absorbing to many of the professed followers of Christ, will then sink into nothing, and less than nothing. May it be yours, dear Sister, and the privilege of those associated with you, to do much for the honour of Christ, and to aid in the building up of His Kingdom, and the carrying out of His last command—"Go teach all nations.—I must now close."

The following letter is written by Leah, a pupil in Calcutta Orphanage, to the Juvenile Missionary Association of Montreal, who support the upper division of the Dhoja Parah Schools, taught by her. She is quite a young girl:—

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Alladio tells me she sent you a little letter about my school last quarter. I had been very ill all through the rains, and was away at home. My father thought the change might do me good. By the blessing of God I am happy to be able to say that I am quite well again, and have been teaching my classes ever since the Christmas holidays.

We have opened our school this year with seventy children, but I have just lost one little girl from the second class. Her name is Ranees. She is only ten years old, and married a man of thirty. This is her second wife. She is still to live with her mother, but cannot attend school any more, as her house is on the wide road and she must not be seen walking. I always feel sorry to lose them like this. Ranees' mother is very anxious that a lady should go to the house to teach her there, but her husband will not give his consent to Ranees' learning.

I was so pleased to show my school to Mr. John Steel when he went one day, and I think he was pleased too. He heard hymn and sang, and looked at their fancy work. He also wished very much to see them on the day that their dolls were to be given them. The distribution took place at the Orphanage, on the same day that we received our prizes. We brought the children to the school in carriages, and I was glad to find that they had put on their

nice bright dresses, and ever so much jewelry; just what I wanted. Mr. Steel so very much to see. After they received their dolls, they sang, "There is a happy land" in Bengali, and went home, all looking so bright and happy. I was also made very happy that day. A beautiful English Bible was given to me as a prize. Dear friends, I am, your gratefully,

LEAH,
Scottish Orphanage, 72 Upper Circular Road, March 17, 1876.

Hanover College.—A Correction.

EDITOR BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

DEAR SIR,—I notice in your last issue an error respecting Hanover College, which has recently conferred the degree of D.D. on your excellent divine, Rev. J. G. Robb. You locate this institution at Hanover, Illinois, and call it a Theological Seminary. It is not in Illinois but Indiana, and is not a Theological, but a *Literary College*, under the control of the Presbyterian Church North. It was, before the union in 1870, an Old School institution. Some account of one of the oldest and best of our western colleges, and one that has educated one, and conferred the degree of D.D. on two of your prominent ministers, may be of interest to your readers.

Hanover Academy was instituted in the year 1827, and celebrates its semi-centennial next Jan'y. It attained the dignity of a college in 1881, and has just held its 44th annual commencement. It has graduated over 400 students, most of whom have entered the Presbyterian ministry. One of these is the Rev. Dr. Cochrane of Brantford, Ont. Hanover has an endowment of between \$200,000 and \$800,000, and its Charter gives it University powers. Our best colleges are nearly all denominational. Ann Arbor University, Michigan, is about the only State institution in the United States that is of a really superior character. All Hanover's Professors are Presbyterian ministers. Dr. Heckman, the President, is a man of distinguished ability. In early times there was a theological department, but it was removed first to New Albany, Indiana, and thence to Chicago, where it is now known as the *North-western Seminary*. Hanover is most charmingly situated on the banks of the Ohio River, six miles south-west of the City of Madison. The number of students is 185, this year. This region was the nursery of Presbyterianism in the far West. Fifty years ago the Synod of Indiana was the westernmost in the United States, embracing Indiana and the regions beyond all the way to the Pacific. Sixty years ago the Presbyterian cause was organized in this city, which is the oldest in the State but one. Presbyterianism in connection with the Presbyterian Church in the United States has now in Indiana 215 ministers, 200 churches, and over 26,000 members. Relatively it is weaker than the Methodist, Baptist, and Christian churches. In the cities Presbyterianism is strong. Indianapolis has eleven Presbyterian churches. Four of the best of them I regret to say are now vacant. Dr. Withrow, late pastor of the church Beecher was pastor of thirty years ago, has just accepted a call to Park St., Boston ("Addirondack Murray's.") Yours &c., CLERICUS.
Madison, Indiana, July 6, 1876.

A Word of Explanation.

EDITOR BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to correct a wrong impression that exists in some quarters as to some of my remarks before the Assembly, when speaking on the subject of French evangelization.

I wish to call the attention of the House to the fact that the Papacy is as much as ever the enemy of God and of His people, and yet that peculiar privileges are conferred on it, that it alone is allowed denominational schools, and that, though the Presbyterians form the strength of the Liberal party, our present Government, following in the track of its predecessors, has granted separate schools in the new territory. I said I was glad when "the Pacific scandal" was unearthed, and its author hushed from power, and I declared myself ready (Liberal though I am) to drive the present Government also from power if they would continue, like their predecessors, to truckle to the papacy, and yet, I must confess, that had I the power, I would be very slow indeed to exercise it, if the effort would be to restore to office men who can claim their hands are clean, though they, whether drunk or sober, were parties to the greatest villainy hitherto attempted against our national morals, and our national existence. Yours truly,
JOHN MAC TAVISH.
Woodstock, 11th July, 1876.

Have the courage to own you are poor, and thus disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.

Sin may have a residence, but it has not a rule, in the believer's heart; but in the heart of the unrenowned it has both.

WHAT believer, in looking to the past, cannot say, "Ebeuzer;" or, in looking to the future, may not say, "Jeh-vah-jirah?" Ps. xxiii.

CHRISTIAN tracts offered for sale in a heathen bookstore, for the sake of "turning a penny," is a sign of the times in India, says *Times of Blessing*.

Have the courage to cut the most agreeable acquaintance you have whenever you are convinced he lacks principle; a friend should bear with a friend's infirmities, but not his vices.

MRS MURRAY MITCHELL ON ZENANA LIFE AND WORK.

(Continued from last week.)

Here is a brighter picture, showing what Christianity can do for these poor women:—
"A woman we lately visited interested me profoundly. She is a sweet, gentle, gracious old lady with a happy gleam on her face, and is clothed differently from the usages of the zenanas; she wears a jacket with long sleeves, and buttoned to her throat, and has a shawl over her shoulders. I felt she was a Christian when I saw her. Her room, too, is different; it is very neatly furnished, and has a small round table on which lay a well-used Bengali Bible, and one or two simple English books, which she reads with care. I have had delightful talks with this most interesting woman, and find she is much resting on Jesus as her Saviour. I am sure she is one of the Lord's precious hidden ones; and I believe there are many such in the home of the Bengali Christians, though unappreciated."

The earnest closing appeal must be the last of these interesting extracts:—

"There is hardly an educated Babe in Bengal, I fancy, who does not desire education for the female portion of his family. I should even go further, and say that the majority desire it with eagerness and will have it. They want their wives and daughters to be their companions; they want them to be like English women; and they will welcome us ever with the Bible in our hands, and give us access to their zenanas, if we bring in general education. And what of the women themselves? What do they feel on this, to them vital question? Ah! these poor things have had their eyes opened; they have seen their fetters, they know that they are bound, and they are now crying out in their bondage; and their cry has gone up into the ears of Him who is the helper of the helpless. It would melt a heart of stone to see how they welcome the zenana teacher; how they look for her and wait for her, and come to meet her, and accompany her as far as they dare to the little door, which, as I said, is the boundary dividing them from the great and attractive world without. Her visit brings brightness, because it brings knowledge and occupation; or a fresh breath, which does them good, from that other Christian woman's world, of which they get glimpses through such visits, and which as yet is so different from their own; not to speak of yet another world still, and a better life, which we can help to fit them for, by leading them to the feet of Jesus, and teaching them that He came to seek and save them as much as us. What we want now is, not so much to find pupils, as to find teachers that may be sent. Only women can do this work. The time has not come when men, however devoted and successful they be as missionaries, can go into the zenanas. This will come in time, but it has not come yet. Even medical men cannot go into these secluded homes. If a physician be summoned to attend the sick-bed of a native lady, he must not see her face. He may look at her tongue, if this can be managed through a veil! And he may feel her pulse, but it must be through the purdan. We must have women to do the work; and all the work for the bodies and souls of the women, at least of Bengal. We must have lady teachers; yes, and lady medical missionaries. The east supplies the strongest plea for the medical studies of ladies. No agent can do the work in the zenanas from such a vantage ground as our educated medical lady-missionary. And I say *lady* advisedly. The gentle mannered, cultivated Christian women, may do a work for our poor sisters in the heathen world which an angel might covet. Joyfully, we must believe, would the angels accept the commission to go and teach those helpless women; to tell them that there is hope and life and deliverance through the Crucified for them. How their bright wings would speed on such a message of love! But it is given only to us to tell it. O precious task! If we would only accept it, and take it up, and do it. And those who cannot go should help us with their prayers and means to send others. If every Christian woman gave something, even as the Lord blessed her, what a revolution we might effect. We might occupy not only the zenanas of the high-caste and rich, but we might go into every village and hamlet, and carry the gospel to the whole of India. Women are now doing much at home; their energy achieves great results in every department of Christian effort. Let us put forth the same power for India, and 'the acceptable year of the Lord' will have then come."

Home Mission Fund.

EDITOR BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

DEAR SIR,—In answer to a letter which appeared in your issue of last week concerning the Home Mission Debt, permit me to say that the Committee could not possibly communicate with non-reporting vacancies and pastoral charges, and give time for the amounts to be sent in by the 1st September,—as instructed by the Assembly. It is for each Presbytery, in the way it thinks best, to raise the amount; whether by dividing the gross sum among their several congregations or in any other mode best adapted to secure the end in view. Those Presbyteries which have been assessed on the basis of the reported membership, but have vacancies and pastoral charges not reported to last Assembly, should add at the rate of fifteen cents per member, to the amount named. Some Presbyteries, I doubt not, will go beyond the amount asked, but as others may fall short, all will need to do their utmost. Yours faithfully,
WM. COCHRANE.
Brantford, July 7th, 1876.